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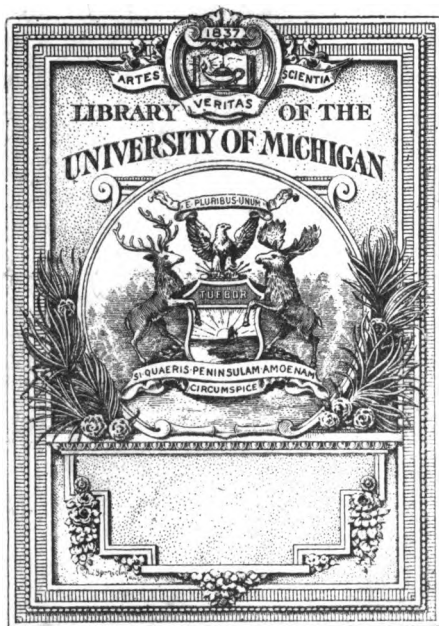
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*The Frozen Model and
Other Poems*

Helen McNeal Cornell



828
CE145-1

The Frozen Model

AND OTHER

POEMS



HELEN McNEAL CORNELL

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HELEN M. CORNELL

To My Sons
I dedicate this verse.

*One has gone where sorrows cease,
And one is left to bless.*

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The Frozen Man

Pierre Galbraith, the sailor,
Renowned for his gallantry
In all the world of empires,
Well as for sculptor's art,
Picco, whose soul was brave,
With Camus, tiller-knave,
Had fought the wind and grown
Yet failed to meet his end.

He stood before the school,
His hand refused to hold,
There was lacking inspiration,
No power to wield
A solve from out the ruy,
On the dare November day,
Seemed speaking just a solemn
Lest heart should faint and fail.

"Tho' the dead have worn a crown,
And many kings, a crown,
Small lesser souls, discouraging,
Sit idly, wately, frownd?
Tho' Angelo created
Forms to live for ages long,
Shad later Camus, daunted,
Forget that it is strong."

The Frozen Model

Pierre Galbraith, the sculptor,
Renowned for his great heart,
In all the world of chivalry,
Well as for sculptor's art,
Pierre, whose soul was burning
With Genius, still unknown,
Had found the world's approval,
Yet failed to meet his own.

He stood before the senseless clay,—
His hand refused to mold,—
There was lacking inspiration
New power to unfold.
A voice from out the fury
Of the dire November gale,
Seemed speaking just beside him,
Lest heart should faint and fail.

“Tho' the dead have worn their laurel,
And many kings, a crown,
Shall lesser souls, discouraged,
Sit idly, mutely down?
Tho' Angelo created
Forms to live for ages long,
Shall later Genius, daunted,
Forget that it is strong?”

"Is not the day as beauteous,
And the stars we nightly see,
As radiantly glorious,
With God's deep mystery?
The same Creator liveth
Beyond the same bright stars—
To mortal souls He giveth
The life man makes or mars."

Tho' heart and brain kept urging
An erstwhile iron will,
His servant hand refusing
Grew more reluctant still.
Then came a revelation,
Which sometimes comes too late—
In happier relation,
Men ofttimes call it Fate!

A father and a daughter,
Rode by with quiet pace—
The great physician, nobly,
The maid all full of grace.
Eye met eye an instant—
So, spirits may embrace—
Then Artist knew life's work would be,
For love of woman's face!

Back to the studio's shelter,
A tense, increasing skill,
Now seized the Sculptor's fingers—
His hand wrought with his will.

Twice, thrice, he met the maiden—
Love held them in its grasp—
At every voiceless meeting,
The spell was deeper cast.

A joyous calm possessed him—
At last had dawned his hour—
Some mortal state, most wondrous
As of transcendant power!
Fast grew the lovely model,
At heart and brain's behest,
Beneath his tireless fingers;—
He craved not food nor rest.

Then stood his work completed—
The populace went wild;
"It speaks! It moves!" they murmured,
But Pierre only smiled!
Brief was his exultation;
Cold blew the north-wind's breath—
Full well knew he its fury
Would mean the statue's death.

With wild, mad, energy,
In search of fuel now,
Across a park fast sped he,
Nor marked a falling bough.
A low moan seemed to reach him,
As storm-king paused for rest—
Pierre, that sound would stifle—
Not so his noble breast!

Then came a demon-conflict,
Great as St. Michael knew ;
Again was slain the dragon—
And strong the conqueror grew.
Pierre beheld the figure
Of a woman, old and poor,
Who fell beneath that cruel blow,
Anear her humble door.

“It might have been my mother,”
Spake he in undertone,
As tenderly he raised her form
And bore it to her home.
Then swift did he remember
That his futile mission meant
His statue’s frozen beauty, where,
Love and Ambition blent.

Must then achieved fruition
Strike the death-knell to his heart—
And must the beauteous model be
The swan-song of his Art?—
Once more must eyes behold it—
Once more, to drink their fill,
Of all too perfect semblance,
Ere Death his hope should still !

Now homeward sped the Sculptor,
With long low, stifled cry—
“O glorious perfection !
Must we together die?”

Despair and cold had done their work—
None now his tale might tell—
His last look resting on her face,
He, hopeless, swooned, and fell!

But happier fate was waiting
To crown his lifetime work—
One moment o'er his prostrate form
Death's shadow seemed to lurk,—
Then voices echoed in the air,
And soon an opened door—
The skilled physician's aid was there
And lovers met once more!

A passing friend had seen the deed
So Christlike in its kind—
Had quickly brought both help and skill,
And then they sought, to find,
The sculptor who had wrought a work
Of such stupendous worth—
With face and form resembling
The one most-loved on earth.

Pierre, half dazed, reviving,
Beheld the maiden's form,
Yet dreamed he saw the statue—
Spake words of sorrow born.
"O, beautiful creation—
Thou mockery of Life!
The frozen semblance of that one
Who should have been my wife!"

Soon, warmth and skill restored him,
While Love, more potent still—
E'en conquered Death's foreboding,
And broke his iron will!
In manhood's noble strength he stood—
She, with sweet, wistful face—
When pure souls meet in swift accord,
Heaven lends celestial grace!

The father saw—then understood;
He clasped their hands in one—
"A daughter's love I can not lose,
And I have gained a son!"
The hand which once perfected,
The beauteous model's frame,
With happiest incentive,
May well achieve again."

We ofttimes mourn our losses,
Which sometimes prove a gain;
'Twere well to leave to Heaven
The hope we would attain!
Then came the father's blessing,
And heavenly smile from her,
Whose Inspiration had achieved
The triumph of Pierre.

At Heaven's Gate

St. Peter asked a wanderer,
Who had left this world of sin,
"What have ye ever done on earth
That I should let ye in?"
None enter Christ's dominion,
Nor does he there belong,
Who has not done some noble deed,
Or helped to right a wrong.

"Naught have I done, I greatly fear,
But I'd take the lowest seat,
If by my child I might be near,
And see *his* joy complete."
The man was turning sorrowful
To walk the other way—
St. Peter urged: "Have you not, then,
Some better word to say?"

The suppliant meekly bowed his head—
" 'Twas such a little thing—
It wasn't much—but I gave half
To save poor little Tim;
My child died first—'twas in the fall—
Tim's father was my friend;
I wish I'd given him my all,
For Tim was near the end."

They said great skill might save his life,
Some—rich—gave not at all—
But O! perhaps he might have lived,
If I had given all!"
He turned again—but Peter then
All gently pushed him in—
When half way up on Heaven's road
He met dear little Tim.

And "One" spake then, who held his child,
All radiant to see!
"As much as to the least of these
So hast thou done to Me!"

The Weavers

By the Northern Sea, in the Shetland Isles,
The woman weaves, but she seldom smiles;
From youth to age, for a pittance small,
Weaves Life and Hope in a Shetland shawl.

Tho' silent she weep, or cries aloud,
She may not claim it,—e'en for a shroud,
For a paltry sum, which her child must share,
She weaves and weaves, for another to wear!

Yet she must not weep, for one salt tear
Might mar the fabric, exquisite and dear,
In and out as the shuttle goes,
It severs her joy and brings back her woes.

In and out with monotonous whirr—
Life and Death are the same to her;
Willing she gives that meager share
To the children who call for a mother's care.

Long since she folded Love and All
In the filmy length of that Shetland shawl.
Ah, God! Shall we ever understand
The mystery hid in Thine own Right Hand?

Beneath us the sea, above us the sky—
All over the earth the children cry—
Within us a deep unrest doth lie;
The unsatisfied soul keeps asking "Why?"

Maybe, when the woman who weaves is dead,
And some other takes up the silken thread,
That she a shining Robe shall wear,
Made from her Patience, Love, and Care.

The way of Christ was a thorny one,
And ever since do mothers mourn,
And wait the blessed mandate given,
"Pass on, tried soul, to the bliss of Heaven!"

NOTE.—It is said that the women who weave the exquisite laces from the Shetland Islands often spend a lifetime on one costly piece of work.

Bearing the Cross

"Does the road wind uphill all the way?

Aye, to the very end.

Will the journey take the livelong day?

From morn till night, my friend."

—*Rossetti.*

"And must I walk this way alone?

My cross is heavy, the road is rough."

Then look aloft and Faith will guide.

His presence shall be enough.

"Ofttimes you may linger to lift the cross

Of some 'little one,' traveling alone,

(Moan not with pain, nor count it loss)

Somehow it will lighten your own.

Once, some pure soul may walk by your side—

And the path seem glorious—bright—

He may slip away, and you be left

Alone with your cross, and the night."

Sometimes you may catch the glint and gleam

Of a splendor that bids you stay;

But ever the eyes must upward beam;

Beware of the "Primrose Way."

“And what shall I find at the journey’s end?”

The loved, who have passed before,
A lifted cross, and a crown, my friend,
Heaven’s bliss forevermore.

An Easter morn that shall never end,
With rest and peace and love untold ;
Mother, lover, child, and friend,
Your waiting arms shall there enfold.

So I clasp my cross and bear the part,
Though I grope with tear-blind eyes,
Since He, with tender mother-heart,
Leads the way to Paradise.

The Call of Kalamazoo

Now, who comes here? Great Cæsar's ghost?

Not so! And yet the name

And superscription are the same—

And well he leads a mighty host.

Our Julius Cæsar—much alive,

With characteristic, hearty tone

Now answers back with wire and 'phone,

"At earliest moment—I arrive."

I come to meet the friends I knew

Ere footsteps trod the Senate hall—

With joy I cast aside the thrall—

For lure and call, of Kalamazoo!

"A cordial hand-clasp waits for you,

With cheers along an endless line—

Our Cæsar of the "Auld lang syne"!

A welcome true to Kalamazoo!

A gracious lady, kind and fair—

Serenely walking by his side,

Shares both his glory and his pride—

A double welcome to this pair!!

The Voice of Victoria R. I.

Drop the curtain somewhat lower
Draw your chair up nearer mine,
Little daughter of my daughter;
On my knee your head recline.

Years ago when life was passing,
Care sat lightly on my brow;
O'er my cheek fell long fair tresses,
For the gray that rests there now.

Gaze not up with face of gladness—
Your dark eyes are far too bright;
They should wear a shade of sadness
For the tale I tell tonight.

Chequered life of shade and sunshine,
Not a stranger I to fame—
In the realm of letters soaring,
I have won an author's name.

Waiting God's own time for action,
Lived I when Napoleon fell;
If I wrought or marred His purpose,
Let my page in history tell!

Every clime has paid me homage—
Orient land I greet as home,
Tho' my footsteps seldom wander
From the isle I call my own.

I have lived in princely palace,
Royal blood flows in my veins;
I have reveled in the splendor
Which the court of kings contains.

I've seen battles fiercely raging,
Man demanding life for life;
Heard war's deep portentous thund'rings,
And have quelled the awful strife!

I have dealt with mysteries deeper
Than the sorcerer e'er divined—
Life and death hung in the balance—
Was I cruel—or most kind?

Scarcely human are the mortals
Who no faults with virtues blend,
And the world has played the critic
Till I've longed the strife to end!

Though to me came wealth and honor,
Power, strength, and length of years;
I have joyed in artless pleasures—
I have wept a peasant's tears!

I have loved, as other mortals—
Known love's joy and bitter cost;
Sighed or smiled in quick succession,
I have loved, and I have lost.

Honored name of wife and mother,
All too happy I have borne,
And have knelt in widowed sorrow—
And have mourned—as mothers mourn.

Chequered lot of shine and shadow—
Should such lot thy life befall,
Daughter, be not vain nor lofty—
Keep thy woman heart through all!

Though thou own the earth's broad acres,
Though thou rule the world so vast—
Death can wrench the scepter from thee—
Small the space we claim at last!

Not man's flattering homage given—
Only *Faith* sweet comfort brings;
All of grandeur and of glory,
It is His! The King of kings!

Contrast

He writeth best of the Southern clime
Who saileth the Northern seas;
The warrior on the tented field
Sings longest and loudest of Peace.

The invalid from his couch of pain
Giveth a glowing tribute to Health,
And he who starves in an attic bare
Knoweth well the value of Wealth!

The gloom of the night to a soul depressed
Maketh brighter the morning sun—
Freedom from toil bringeth sweeter rest,
When the hardest task is done.

Love cometh unto the lonely heart,
With a zest unknown to the gay—
And fair is the goal to the weary soul,
Who has traveled the sorrowful way.

The sun more brilliant after the rain—
And the stars more radiant seem,
When the shower is past, and we watch again
For a glimpse of their diamond gleam.

Grief and Joy twin-souls were born—
Ever they wander hand in hand;
Only they who traverse the rocky heights
May enter the Beulah Land!

A Tribute to Mark Twain

"Methinks the merriest heart
Makes ofttimes heaviest mourning."
—*Norton.*

Farewell to thee! laughing comrade,
Go back to thy Maker's hand—
Thou hast doubled the talent He gave thee
While treading a lonesome land;

Thou hast won thy way thro' the darkness,
By the brightness of thy smile,
Cheering the soul of thy brother,
Through many a shadowy mile.

Thy kindly wit, warm-melting—
Took the frost from the cold world's breath—
In the sorrowful land thou art leaving
Thou wast ever a welcome guest.

Now, thy rare words shall go smiling
Tho' thou thyself lie low,
With a sigh and a tear beside them,
As over the earth they go.

A grief too deep—too tender —
Has called thee to thy rest—
Death stilled the heart within thee,
Too great for thy noble breast!

Hast thou from thy peaceful slumber,
Yet awakened to divine,
We are dwelling in the penumbra
Of a sorrow as deep as thine?

Farewell then! laughing comrade—
Not the dark Asphodel,
We lay on thy laureled casket,
But, pure, white Immortelle.

Mystery

It comes to you, and it comes to me,
An experience undefined—
This strange, weird thing, whate'er it be,
Wilders the soul and perplexes the mind.

It comes as you stand, with half-poised hand,
Maybe on an unknown shore,
And you say, in a half-remembering way—
“I have seen this place before.”

“Just here I stood as the sun did fall
Behind that mountain range”—
Some vague sensation you seek to recall—
Familiar—and yet strange.

All swiftly it comes—as swiftly it goes,
And as soon is it forgot—
Whence or whither? No mortal knows,
A something that is—and is not!

It comes on the breath of the soft south wind,
It hovers near the flowers;
Like earthly spirit, unconfined—
Elusive as the hours.

Unheralded—it passes by,
Like sudden bird on the wing—
And the soul is sad that it may not seize
The mystical, phantom thing.

With words half said, have you never sought,
As you looked in the eyes of a friend,
To catch and to hold some fleeting thought,
Which never would come again?

It seemeth so real—yet is most like a dream—
You almost weep that the vision is gone—
With mind alert and senses keen,
You close the eyes, to still dream on.

It cometh methinks the most of all
In the midst of some musical strain—
Holding the soul in exquisite thrall,
To vanish as quickly again.

Is it a glimpse of a life once known,
Some unremembered past—
Or of some prophetic far-off zone
Where happiness will last?

Is it Phantasmagoria,
And we only *think* we see—
Or is it some sign for proving
Our immortality?

Can this be a vision of heaven,
This evasive, cloud-like thing—
Just a touch, felt in the passing,
Of down from an angel's wing?

For it cometh never with pain to the soul—
This unexpected wonder—
Shall we ever find its completed whole
In that beautiful dreamland yonder?

Inest Sua Gratia Parvis

'Twas a gracious thing,
And a kindly one,
Just the penning of a card—
For it brought the sun
To the heart of one,
When the way seemed dark and hard.

'Twas a gentle thing,
And a thoughtful one,
The sending of a flower,
Which brought the tears
For a kindness done,
That fell as an April shower!

Again—'twas a book,
Or a message sent,
With sympathetic meaning blent—
A heartfelt word
In season heard—
Impulsive, yet sincerely meant.

Find thou the time
To do some deed,
That shall lighten a heavy task—
For the soul in need
Is oft, indeed,
The one who will not ask.

And the joyful tear
Of an angel near—
Recording the tender thought,
May blot from the page
Some word of rage,
Or careless deed thou hast wrought.

The Ould Sod

Just give me a bit of the sod, my friend,
To take to my own Colleen;
'Twill gladden her homesick heart once more—
My fair, beloved Kathleen,
For she moans the night, and she weeps the day;
When I ask her to marry, she says me nay!

So give me a bit of the sod, my friend,
And a sprig of the shamrock green—
I will twine it amid her fair, red locks
And call her my Irish queen—
For the lakes of Killarney she mourns all the while
And her full sweet lips have forgotten to smile.

But niver ye give one leaf, my friend,
To that worthless young spalpeen
Who drinks his dram, and who lives by graft,
And would marry my own Kathleen—
For I'll work till my strong arms drop by my side
To build me a cot for my fair young bride.

When she sees that my love has brought to her
The sod and the shamrock green,
The light will come back and love return
To her own true Larry O'Shean.
I would take out my heart to see the rare smile
That won my soul in the Emerald Isle.

So give us a bit of the sod, old chum,
Which from Ireland's shore was sent,
And faith, it shall be a wedding gift
You will nevermore repent ;
And thanks we'll give unto our God
That we this land have seen—
With American earth we'll mingle the sod,
While we plant the shamrock green.

Rest

There is much in a name, the poets say,
And much of beauty in the month of May—
So I could not help writing about it that day!

I called on the editor of the *Noonday Glow*,
And asked if he'd like a verse or so—
"Of course, on a subject appropriate, you know"—

The Druids of old, or the "Coronation."
Should I write of the low, or those in high station?
He answered with much of animation:

"Choose your own theme—write anything,
Only do not attempt the poetry of Spring—
When bluebirds hop, while dandelions sing!"

That editor always is very polite,
He placed me a chair just there at his right,
But I saw in his eye an ominous light;

Hope disappeared like a July rocket,
For I had my spring-poem right there in my pocket,
And had nothing else just then on the docket!

"The dead past," I said is a tiresome thing
To write about in the glorious spring,
But I'll call the muse and see what she will bring!

I asked if he'd noticed how everything—
The flowers, the trees, the bird on the wing—
Put on a new dress when Nature did sing?

He held his pencil poised in the air,
I saw that his brow was furrowed with care—
“I have for pleasure no time to spare.”

“Do you never go fishing?” I quietly said—
A change appeared as he raised his head—
The frown on his forehead immediately fled!

No longer the editor seemed depressed—
I had struck the right chord, so the subject I pressed,
Then I changed my title, and called it Rest!

“O yes,” he cried, “it would surely be fine
To go to some lake with hook and line;
I am quite determined to find the time!

“I will take my wife and children, too—
We all need the spring—when skies are blue,”
(I had won my case as I thought I would do),

“No harm if one day things do go awry;
We'll take a good lunch; 'twere surely no lie
To announce that the 'Type' has all gone to 'pie'!”

Then looking around—a great surprise
Of newspaper force there greeted my eyes—
Proofreaders, composers of every size,

Men, women, and girls, with newsboys galore,
Stood watching and waiting outside on the floor,
While the "printers' devil" peeped in at the door!

"Wireless telegraphy you surely employ,"
I said as I turned to a maiden coy—
"Case of Telepathy," said the office boy!

I shall always account it my one clever thing,
That I hoodwinked that editor and got my verse in,
Next day he published that poem on SPRING!

The Silver Anniversary

Do you hear the kirk-bells chiming
As they ring out clear and true?
'Tis the curfew-call to the children
Who have wandered from Kalamazoo!

Come back from Albion's coast-land,
From the prairies' "spreading plain,"
From the Golden Gate of West-land,
From Southern fields of cane!

Come home to the silver wedding
Of the "Old Time" to the "New"—
The very winds are blowing
A royal welcome to you!

Surprises will be many,
At the turn of every street,
Yet land-marks old, familiar,
Will call up memories sweet.

And then, some night at sunset,
When sounds more quiet grow,
And scenes of vanished childhood
Within the vision glow—

Just slip away at twilight
And drop a tear alone,
Beside the marbled memory
Of friend in Mountain Home.

And think the loved who left us
For a blissful world afar,
Will joy in our home-coming,
When *we* have "*crossed* the Bar"!

We will not cease our calling
Till October, gorgeous-hued,
Has thrown a golden glory,
O'er plain and stream and wood!

Come! Join in our rejoicing
With song and festive glee—
The memory of a lifetime,
This home-coming shall be!

The Passer By

I sat on my vine-clad piazza,
In a somewhat pensive mood,
And I heard the conversation
Of the passing multitude.
Children were overconfident
Of the wonderful things they could do—
Young men were sure of a wisdom
Which their fathers never knew.

Fair maidens in anticipation
Talked of lovers and bright array,
Though Juniors in their classics,
They spoke not of learning that day.
The face of a well-known banker
Wore a mathematical cast—
And an old man leaning on crutches
Seemed musing over the past!

A professor whose brow was knitted
Over a problem quite profound—
Two students planning some mischief,
The "faculty" to astound;
Two ladies discussing the card-play
Of the afternoon before;
One man inherited fortune
He had hoped might be much more!

A clergyman solemnly thinking
How to speak with greater force—
Half afraid to smile or be cheerful,
Lest he weaken his Sunday discourse ;
An editor—diplomatic,
And yet most keenly alert—
Under stress of public opinion,
Can never become inert.

Two children playing with kittens ;
A baby wheeled by with a doll—
Of that lengthening procession
Seemed the happiest of all !
How I longed in my arms to enfold them
And shield them from later care—
In their childish sweetness to hold them,
And their faith and happiness share.

But none of those in passing,
Whose feet pressed His green sod,
Save one, in execration,
Pronounced the name of God !
Yet the beauty of the morning—
The sighing summer breeze ;
The glory all around us
In the foliage of the trees,

The very air we are breathing,
And drink as wine from Heaven ;
All things which Nature grants us,
By His own hand are given.

How I wished, as the crowd kept thronging,
For the Shepherd of Salisbury plain,
That his lesson we might be conning,
Over and over again.

And remember the multitude passing,
In the sun-kissed valley must lie—
Tho' the mountains and rocks will linger,
Man only is born to die!
Then what of the long hereafter—
And the life we have lived below?
We must in purity trust Him,
To a blissful Eternity know!

Enterprise

The new world offered a goodly sum
To him who should reach the goal—
“ ’Tis an easy task,” cried every one,
“ A twist of the wrist, and the thing is done,”
As he wrote his name on the scroll.

“ Come have a dance,” said merry France—
“ No hurry,” the German plead—
While happy-go-lucky Ireland
Declared with confident head,
“ The thing is done, when ’tis said!”

England ambled about, phlegmatic and stout;
The Dutchman went early to bed;
The Italian worked fast at his busy task;
The Chinaman had no question to ask,
While the Scotchman refused to be led.

To a lithe-limbed stranger passing along,
“ Come join us,” they said, “ you seem happy and
strong.”
Come drink from our cup, together we’ll sup,
We’ll pledge to your health, and wish you wealth,
And then we will have a gay song.”

"No time to lose," the Yankee cries,
So he hustles on and wins the prize!
"This beats the Dutch," they all declare;
The Irish and Scotch and Englishman there,
While the German opens his eyes to say:
"Now we're all of us here, we might as well stay!"

The Child's Answer

O Mary, up in heaven, if my little son be weepin'
(Though heaven is grand, 'tis lonely; an' my babe is
small, so small),
O, take him on your mother heart an' soothe him into
sleepin',
Lest sobbin' through the long, long night, he hears his
mother's call. —*The Mother.*

O, sweetest Mother! down on earth
I heard ye sore a-weepin',
And tried to ope the golden door,
To soothe and stop your greetin',—
My little fingers were so small,
I could not there be reachin'.
For tho' we grow up here in Heaven,
We still must have the teachin'.

My tiny feet were travelin' fast
Upon the shinin' pavin'—
And one sweet saint had tried at last
My sorrow to be savin';
When first I saw the look of her,
My heart had fell to hopin'—
She was the "Mother," but not *mine*—
For *your* breast I was gropin'.

And then it seemed my Piteous cries
Would rend Heaven's arch asunder;
E'en happy angels veiled their eyes
In pity and in wonder.
My little white-robed form fled past
Upon the streets of heaven—
O, had my mother ever sinned,
That sin were now forgiven!

Then came, O, such a shining one,
With smiles like yours, my mother,
And in His arms He sheltered me—
It was my Elder Brother!
I knew Him then, for I had seen
The same look on your faces—
A look no mortal may describe,
Most gracious of all graces.

I nestled close within His arms—
He could have been none other—
No power, He said, could ever part
The souls of child and mother!
For there on earth my baby-heart
On yours had long been beatin',
My soul and yours so long entwined,
Would soon again be meetin'.

And when you reached the Golden Gate,
He'd listen to your pleadin',
And I might go and let you in,
While He His lambs was feedin'.

I've been so happy waitin' here
Since I knew that you were comin',
That on my little golden harp,
My small hands keep a-thrummin'.

A sound falls on my listening ear,
It seems like timid knockin'—
My Brother and my Comforter,
Heaven's portal is unlockin'.
And I will lead my mother in—
How sweet will be the meetin'!
No grief—no sorrow, and no sin,
And nevermore the greetin'!

The Moral of the Tale

Shall I give you the story, all in rhyme,
Of three noted painters of olden time,
Who together agreed that they would paint
On any subject from sinner to saint,
And the painter on whom two would agree,
Their pictures to him a prize should be?

They planned to meet at a studio,
In a garden outside, their pictures to show ;
They were prompt as the sun. One did declare
He painted some cherries so juicy and rare,
The birds ate them up on the canvas there,
Then flew directly back in the air !

Another had painted a picture of dawn—
So perfect it was, that long before morn,
In fact, it was only the hour midnight,
A rooster had crowed, for he thought it was light.
“Let us pass inside,” said the studio-man,
“And find the painting myself did plan.”

But they stood aghast. In a moment more—
They had tried to open a painted door !
And then there appeared an artist-tramp,
Who had just arrived from a neighboring camp ;
With laugh and jest they bade him rest,
And help decide this marvelous test !

But he declined such offer to take,
Unless they accept his plate of cake,
Slices brown, well filled with fruit,
Tempted each lip, then all were mute!
All hands reached out to claim a share—
When, lo! the plate, but no cake was there!

“It is sleight of hand!’ the fellow cries,
“Let us all cast lots— to the winner the prize!”
In breathless haste, they soon agreed,
And behold! the tramp then won the meed!
The moral you ask? Well, by petty tricks,
Men sometimes win—as in politics.

My Ship Came In

You told me a wonderful tale, one day,
When you called me a "little tease"—
You said "all things would come my way,
When my ship came over the seas."
My mother dear, what could you mean;
Why does not my ship come in?
I am weary of asking the "why" and the "when,"
Is it time for the sails to be seen?

Oft have I watched some fair mirage,
And heard the "Ship Ahoy"—
But it veered away—I suppose, because
I was only a little boy.
I am older now, yet still I wait,
That wonderful ship to see—
The name on the prow, you said, was "Fate,"
And it surely was coming to me!

"O, mother mine, did it come to thee?
What cargo did it bring?"
"Aye, it sailed right in from the Jasper Sea,
For I heard the angels sing.
And such rare treasure! Ne'er before
Was queen more proudly crowned,
Or in her bright tiara wore
Such jewels as I found!"

It brought to me a dark-eyed maid,
And a fair-haired boy stood near,
So brief the months we cherished her,
She knew not she was here,
But the bright-haired child long twined himself
Round the very soul of me;
It was the darkest hour of life,
When he sailed back to sea.

O, may we all meet on the shore
Of Galilee's fair calm,
Our voices blending evermore
With Christ in Heavenly psalm—
And thou, O happy-hearted one,
Art now the last of three,
To cheer and bless thy mother's heart
Till we shall sail the sea.

The Golden Wedding

TO E. A. S.

Half a century wedded!
No power can take away
Memories choicer far
Than treasures from Cathay.

Not for the love of gold,
But for the gold of love
You two have wrought together
The robes you will wear above!

Love was gold of life's morning,
And the gold of the afternoon
Was the clinging arms of children
Scattering away its gloom.

One in the bliss of heaven,
Walking its golden street,
Looks down with angelic gladness
On the parents she waits to greet.

This golden sunset ending
Presages a glorious day,
While the autumn gold leaves falling
Carpet the peaceful way,

To years of quiet gliding,
Whose trend shall surely be
Toward that beautiful Golden City
Of God's eternity.

A Tribute to Womanhood

The Master gave to artists three
A task which must be wrought
Alone—unguided, save with skill
By Inspiration taught.

To each he gave the theme divine
To on the canvas trace,
What best portrays to eye and soul,
The fair Madonna face.

And two were youths of high-born mien
And one was but a boy—
The two full confident, the child
Still sensitive and coy.

The two drank deep from Pleasure's fount,
To nightly revels prone;
The lad with passion for his art
Loved naught save that and home!

In each the fire of Genius burned,—
For Fame the careless youth
Wrought on, with stroke both swift and bold,
The boy for Love and Truth.

The Master spoke— his words were few,
Yet still with wisdom rife:
“ ’Tis not without, but from within,
The artist painteth Life! ”

Now on one fateful morn were heard
Fierce words of bitterness,
For jealousy and anger stirred
Within one proud youth's breast:

“Yon lad,” said he, with sneering tone,
That little boor and thou
“Had best discard the artist's brush
And sweep yon crossings now!”

The timid child fled all distraught
From discord alien to his ear;
A mother's low, soft voice had taught
In him no dream of fear.

But now, despairing, on her breast
He wept in wounded pride:
“I paint no more! O, mother mine,
I would that I had died!”

“Look up,” she cried, and in her face
He saw Hope, Love, and Trust;
“Toil on! though now thy hand should fail,
Triumph at last thou must!”

That one deep grief to artist-soul
Had made the boy a man;
Nor Life nor Death could ever bring
Such agony again!

Back then to task, with quickening zeal—
Absorbed and silent he—
Till on each veiled easel stood
The finished pictures three.

The Master scanned one painting fair:
“ ’Tis well, that head and brow,
But scorn lurks in the lips’ fair curve—
Away with it! Enow!”

Then to the other, stern he said,
“Ye have worked well the while,
Yet why upon a sainted face
Hast placed a wanton’s smile?”

Then, to the boy who trembling stood:
“Thy task I fain would see—”
The mother from the shadow spoke,
“He is but young,” said she.

“Be gentle as ye draw the veil!”
“What vision this?” he cried;
“ ’Tis wondrous art—no practiced hand?
The brush could surer guide!”

“Whence came this cunning to thy will?
I taught it but in part,—
Yet thou surpasses all in skill—
A Raphael in thine art!”

For painted on the canvas there
Was head of matchless grace;
The boy had limned unconsciously
His own pure mother's face!

And thus through noble womanhood
Was inspiration given;
Christ opened to the pure in heart
One mystery of heaven.

A Tribute to the Author of "Home, Sweet Home"

It is said that we measure the joys of earth
By what we have missed from our lives;
That the wonderful charm of music hath birth
In the discord that underlies.

And the soul-felt words of "Home, Sweet Home,"
Were penned by a wanderer's hand.—
The world, in exchange, gave his homesick heart
A grave in a foreign land!

The homely thoughts to the music set
Of an old Sicilian hymn,
Were a yearning cry, a long regret,
For the joys which "might have been."

The mother sings the sweet song at even,
And hushes her infant's cry.
Did the poet, I wonder, ever dream
He had written a lullaby?

The North and the South forget their feud—
Hear their blended voices ring!
Did the poet, I wonder, ever know
He had written a Nation's hymn?

The precious freight came over the sea
Too late for the wanderer's glory;
America honors her homeless bard
Only in song and story!

But mark the multitude bearing him on;
Hear the music roll and surge:
'Tis "Home, Sweet Home"—John Howard Payne
Had written his own sad dirge.

A Tribute to Henry W. Longfellow

He has fathomed the great "Hereafter,"
All mystery has riven ;
While still we are chanting our dirges,
He is singing the matins of heaven.
The choir up there may be led
By the angel Israfel,
But not one of the saints above
Could know one-half so well
What words to set to the music
As Longfellow could tell.

If a carrier-dove from Elysium
Could only bring us a line
From him, who, living among us,
Wrote poems half divine,
I am sure we might understand it—
Our poet's celestial lore ;
For the alphabet of heaven,
He taught us here before.

For youth and the strong-hearted
He wrote anthems, grand and long ;
And for the worn and weary
He gave a restful song.

He struck keys to all the passions,
With more than human power ;
And octaves of tenderness vibrate
Through his wonderful "Children's Hour."

I am sure, when he reached the portals
Of beautiful Paradise,
He had only his name to whisper,
As a passport into the skies.
But he must have looked back at the mourners,
As he passed the gates between,
Led into the "Silent Land"
By the Holy Nazarene.

A Tribute to Robert Burns

(Born Jan. 25, 1759)

Unto the storied willow tree
His harp each minstrel brings ;
What songster would not silent be
When Scotland's "Robbie " sings?

E'en England's bard will voiceless stand,
And Ireland hush her tune—
Columbia lists with bated breath
To words of "Bonnie Doon."

And be the theme whate'er it will,
Life's minor chord, or mirthful part,
His voice can reach with magic skill
And touch its octave in our hearts.

And now upon his natal day
Some tribute we would render,
Some honor to his genius pay
To show the world remembers.

Bring English roses petaled red,
France lilies in their sheen,
America's fair goldenrod,
And Erin's shamrock green.

Then pluck his own Scotch heather,
The thistle, and the broom,
And twine them all together,
To lay upon his tomb.

A Tribute to Rudyard Kipling

We would Columbia's starry flag
Had proudly waved a grand salaam
Above thee on thy natal morn,
Instead of stately Indian palm.

Yet we adopt our Nation's friend,
And give an elder brother's place;
For genius of the royal stamp
Knows neither clime nor race.

Some talisman dost thou possess,
Found 'neath thine Eastern sky,—
Some charm so potent in its spell,
E'en Death doth pass thee by?

Ah no! In His Almighty hand,
God held thee for a need profound.
Thy spirit soaring heavenward,
Came back to earth star-crowned!

From depth of thy "Recessional"
Comes warning like the thunders heard
On Sinai's mount—Jehovah-sent!
Will this proud nation heed thy word?

King William

O, where did our little boy king,
Our "William the Conqueror," go?—
There were none who disputed him
In his own little realm below.

He first laid seige to the household,
Each loved one a captive became ;
His arms were the chains which bound them,
And his smiles were links in the chain.

He conquered the hearts of the firemen,
Who loved "Little Willum," the brave.
Tears fell on the star-wreathed blossoms
They tenderly laid on his grave.

By the row of bright red wagons
His playmates stand in their grief ;
The "express" and the "engine" seem waiting
The command of their little "chief."

But he heard the voice of the seraphs
Keep calling and calling afar ;
Up there in the kingdom of angels
There was lacking one beautiful star.

And not from that valley of roses,
But above in the star-lit sky
A sweet child-voice gives answer
To the anguish of our cry.

“Weep not, O waiting loved ones,
‘Our Father’ has called me home,
And the arms of the tender ‘Shepherd’
Are holding me till you come.”

Tribute to a Beautiful Child — Josephine

By what name do they call thee up yonder
Since silently thou didst depart?
It was "Josephine" ere thou didst wander—
Little empress of many a heart.

On that beautiful summer even
Did the angels whisper thee low,
That "Of such is the kingdom of heaven,"
So the brightest and fairest must go?

All day in gardens Elysian
Dost thou play with the cherub throng,
And at night in the arms of the Shepherd,
Sleep painless and dreamless till morn?

We are dumb in our grief, and wonder
At the mystery of it all!
While "a child in the midst of them" yonder
Knoweth more than sage can recall!

O father and mother, still weeping,
O brother, so lonely at play,
Now one little angel is keeping
Its vigil above thee away.

Pourquoi ?

“ Why sing you? ” I said to a maiden,
Plucking roses in the dew.
She answered me in the sunshine,
“ I sing, I sing for you! ”

“ I sing as the birds in the branches—
I can not help but sing! ”
(Silent on linden above us
Sat a bird with a broken wing.)

“ I sing for the joy of existence,
It is glorious to live!
I sing for the loved who love me,
For the love I love to give.”

“ Why sing you? ” I said to another,
Who answered me in the rain:
“ I sing to ease my heartache—
Alas! I sing in vain! ”

Which echo lingered longest?
Not hers of the mirthful part,
But the strain which struck its octave
In a broken human heart.

Little Geoffrey, The Newsboy

In the far off land of sunsets,
There's a town named Witchitoona.
All the summer there is sunshine,
But at Yuletide comes a rumor,
From the Northland comes a warning
Of fierce winds and fearful storming.

In this town of which I tell you,
With the soft name of Witchitoona,
Lived a lad of noble naming,
Whom Dame Fortune in disclaiming,
Marked the way to higher honor
Than were she of wealth the donor.

"We are poor," the mother told him,
But in this there's no disgrace;
"Youth is better than an earldom;
You may find the noblest place."
So while other children nestled
Near the hearthstone warm and fair,
Little Geoffrey carried papers
Through the snow and frosty air.

New Year's morning dawned the coldest
Ever known since years before;
But our hero was the boldest
Of the little newsboy corps.

Colder blows the bitter north-wind,
And the deep drifts higher grow ;
Something falls from Geoffrey's eyelids,
That is never melting snow.

Toiling on, the little newsboy
Left a paper at the door
Where a pompous merchant queried
Why it did not come before?
Geoffrey was too cold to answer.
And a banker's home came next ;
"Call him in, the night is bitter ;"
But the rich man being vexed,

To the gentle woman's pleading,
"He is used to it," replied ;
"Yet I might have given a quarter
Had my patience not been tried."
Geoffrey slowly reached a mansion,
Stiffly climbed the marble steps,
But the way was growing weary,
And the boy no longer wept.

"Mother says I must be braver—
Only those who fight may win ;
Washington has slept 'mid snowdrifts,
God's sky only covering him."
Was it colder for that soldier,
Was it harder "splitting rails?"
Will the angels not record it
If a boy tries hard, yet fails?

He is warmer now, and happy,
Only how he longs for rest.
"I will sleep here 'mid these snowflakes
Just one minute in this nest."
Ah! ye proud ones, tho' ye reckon
Interest on millions clear,
That small boy in love-fraught action
Stands above you now—your peer!

Seeking his expected paper,
A physician shortly spied
Little Geoffrey's freezing figure,
And his door was opened wide.
"He was plucky," said the doctors;
"We will help a boy like that."
When they heard his brave, sad story,
As in counsel grave they sat.

In a hospital they placed him
And the sweet-faced nurses came,
Tending, till in health they gave him
To his mother's arms again.
Thirty years and more have floated
Down the ceaseless stream of Time;
Let us follow still the fortunes
Of the hero of this rhyme.

Thirty years of manly striving,
While the doctors kept their word,
And the noble name of Geoffrey
Over land and sea was heard.

In the highest seat of honor
Sits the boy who *would not fail*:
Listen closely while I tell you—
There's a moral to this tale.

For this world is not unkindly,
But absorbed and rushing blindly,
Losing half its deepest pleasure
In its search for molten treasure.
List this tale of Witchitoona,
And its lesson thoughtful heed:
Give kind words and deeds, and ever
Give your gold if there is need.

Tribute to P. T. Barnum

Columbia sat in most royal state,
Beside the Atlantic's open gate,
Columbia fair! Columbia great!

But wealth and power hold secret stings;
Tho' proud of her state and envied by kings,
She humanly longed for impossible things.

Lovers a-many had fair Miss C.,
But none so dauntless as Pee Tee Bee,
Who brought many treasures from land and sea.

She summoned him near, and she said with a sigh:
"Is it true there's a token which gold may not buy—
And has love no device with which to reply?"

"Since Helen eloped with the son of Priam,
Never was woman unhappy as I am,
Unless you can bring from the far land of Siam

"The 'Rose of the East,' an elephant white,
Great 'Toung Taloung,' so rare a sight!
O! deny me not, mine own true Knight.

"To this sacred beast they bow the knee,
With as great devotion, far over the sea,
As we worship the dollar in our country."

"O! bethink yourself," cried brave Pee Tee Bee,
"Of the elephants *now* on your hands, Miss C.,
Pray have you forgotten the 'heathen Chinee'?"

"And Patrick and Norah will stay a long while,
They have come with their *trunk* from the Emerald Isle,
While Indians and Mormons your leisure beguile."

But Columbia bowed her beautiful head,
"These bring me but sorrow," she mournfully said;
"Now listen to me, tho' I never may wed,

"I will give to that Knight my most radiant smile,
Who captures this treasure through danger and trial,
And children and men will bless him the while."

Then up rose the Knight without a regret:
"'Tis the hardest task she has given me yet,
But I vow she shall have this rare white pet."

What magic he used—the means or the way—
A mysterious problem remaineth today;
But the elephant came without any delay.

And Columbia smiled on Pee Tee Bee,
As she had not smiled since she took tea
In Boston Harbor, with one J. B.

The Changed Easter Lesson

It was Sabbath in the class-room,
It was April in the breeze ;
The children all seemed restless
To be out beneath the trees.

So the teacher changed the lesson,
And asked who each would be,
Of all the Bible-people
They had often longed to see.

Said James, "I would be Solomon,
For then I'd be a king!"
"I would be David," Phillip said,
"And carry that wonderful sling!"

And, "I'd be Joshua," Robert thought,
"And make the sun stand still."
And one would be "young Samuel
And preach God's holy will."

"I would be John," said a sweet-faced lad,
More quiet than the rest,—
"I'd be the one whom Jesus loved,
And lean upon his breast."

Said a timid child, the youngest one—
Who every notice shuns,—
“I’d—just give the cup of water
To all those little ones!”

Then the teacher knew her teaching
Had not been all in vain,
And a holy joy possessed her
To take the task again.

For, gazing on each eager face
Where, gone was all unrest,
She thought, through eyes of tender mist,
How mothers were most blest.

“And, who would *you* be, teacher dear?”
They asked with one acclaim;
She, self-forgetful, had not thought
To give herself a name!

With swift directness, answered she,
(One of her greatest charms),
“I would the Mary-Mother be
With the Christ-child in my arms.”

Time — The King

Soft now! Here comes a King, and by his side there walks a Queen!

'Twere well you speak him fair and strict obey the mandates of his reign, lest early death be meted out to you, for he is pitiless and unswerving in his behests!

This king is a wonderful traveler, journeying unceasingly, without fatigue. Not so his subjects, whom he bids to follow him from youth to age.

Some love him, and would forever travel by his side, be the pathway rough and thorny, or smooth and strewn with flowers. Others grow weary and quietly, oh, so quietly, drop out of sight.

The very young often slip away to sleep under mossy mounds, but the king takes no notice, and only mothers remember.

Stalking up and down the earth, he proclaims himself monarch o'er the land and the sea. This king is no respecter of persons; the learned philosopher, the statesman, the gifted divine, the warrior, or he who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow—wife, child, or mother, are all the same to him.

Though all the world took up arms against him, without swerving once from his course, he would win the battle single-handed.

The history of this remarkable ruler has been accurately given, in a most scholarly and beautiful way by a Scottish poet, one Robert, surnamed Pollok, just as he left the service of the king.

Although the inhabitants of the earth have no power to conquer the King, his death is predicted in one of the books of the New Testament.

Love—The Queen

But the Queen is gracious, and radiantly beautiful in the full glory of noonday, or in the softened shadows of the eveningtime, a gladsome creature, yet one who can be more cruel than the grave—she travels ever in pace with the king.

Unlike him, she wins her way in every pathway of life—she travels in every known vehicle—or walks in shady groves, by the banks of beautiful rivers, under the moon and the starry heavens, in lonely places, or on mountain tops. But for the companionship of this queen no mortal would care to live on the face of the broad earth!

The queen's power is greater than that of the king. When her subjects grow weary of the king's march, often she picks them up, oh, so gently and caressingly, that they forget all the wounds the journey has made, and their hearts grow young and joyous again in the light of her smile.

In rain or shine, amid gay scenes, or wherever sorrow reigns, even by graves of lost ones, she grows nearer and more dear to those of her subjects who turn to her for consolation. It is she who carries them upward to the very confines of heaven—aye, even beyond!

When the Heavens and the Earth are rolled together as a scroll and the King shall learn his doom—then shall be made known more fully the transcendent power of Love, the Queen, whose life shall be eternal.

Art

Nature is my Mother—
Music my sweet-voiced Sister—
And Science my Twin-brother.

I am an anomaly, being not only a king, but also a servant, not only standing "high" among men in the most cultivated and refined communities, but often rendering myself exceeding commonplace, not to say obnoxious.

The exact date of my birth is well known. I have no fear of death, although I can have no hope beyond the grave.

There is no record of my father, but I am well acquainted with my mother, whom it is my greatest ambition to resemble. She is so motherly and kind, she is ready to take all mankind to her great heart. Our own loved poet, Longfellow, has said to me:

"Yes, you are her darling child,
In whom we trace
The features of the mothers' face,
Her aspect and her attitude."

But Macaulay says my mother "has caprices which I can not imitate."

She possesses wealth untold, while I have been taught by difficult means to earn my livelihood, since I inherit nothing from her—and small was my education, except the oft-repeated advice to be scrupulously truthful—to depart from this was to fail.

I was early set to work at an employment suitable for juveniles, in a small establishment for making aprons, which has ever since been widely known, but the occupation being the result of a figment of Satan, I soon found it expedient to employ my talents in many other directions.

It is not egotism to claim that I am both useful and ornamental, but truthfulness compels me to admit I have a record dark and forbidding as well. I am powerful, brave, and cruel. Through my agency the battlefield has been strewn with the dead, yet have I brought comfort to the wounded—the cup of cold water, the ambulance, the carefully dressed wounds—all bear evidence to my presence there.

I can not walk, as do other men and women, though I often assist them to do so.

If you are a close observer, you will detect me traveling on the railway, in carriages and automobiles, and secreted in the deadly bomb, where many of my darkest deeds are performed, because I relax from truthfulness, which is my noblest quality.

I can not die; I can not love, but I build homes for those who do—palaces or hovels!

I can not hate; although through my agency the most diabolical deeds are committed.

Lest I entirely lose your respect, I hasten to further reveal my better qualities:

But for me, all beautiful and precious stones—the diamond, the ruby, sapphire and pearl—gold, silver and all other treasures would yet lie in all their cold and pristine

beauty beneath the dark earth or swelling wave, or sparkle still upon their native rocks.

Even the lightnings of heaven have been stayed by me, and turned harmless from their course. Like Alexander, I would conquer the world, but am powerless to produce a tear.

Strange to say, my mother is my greatest rival, and never can my highest achievement accomplish what the most simple effort of her hands can do.

As to personal appearance, my stature varies with my temper. I am often "high" or "low" according to my caprice. In my lofty moods I am often cold and my features are like unto chiseled marble—again, so full of warmth, brightness and color that I am a picture to behold.

I haunt the bridal scene, but I shun the grave. I often furnish orange blossoms to deck the brow of the bride, but never the flowers which are laid upon her tomb.

I am a coward—for children instinctively avoid me—and I vanish from sight; yet am I their friends, bringing them toys, books, and many a pleasurable possession, while I have been known to bring them back to the arms of loving parents, when they had wandered away—and there is a story told that many years ago—I was myself once lost!

Sometimes I cruelly smuggle into the hands of a child—a death-dealing toy, and when buried from the sight of the agonized parents, I so assume the aspect of the

dear one, that I bring comfort to their torn and bleeding hearts.

I have many human representatives, as well as a sweet-voiced sister and a twin brother, with whom I wander up and down the face of the earth, whose parentage is the same as my own. But I will record no more of my accomplishments, although I say with no blush of shame, but rather with great pride in my achievements, that no library could hold the record of my wonderful works.

Sentiment

It is being said in these later days that sentiment is dying out; that human nature will not, or does not, let the lime-light rest on the better, nobler, and more gentle instincts of the human soul—lest in the greedy rush for wealth and fame, it may unfit the gold-hunters of this nineteenth century for their calling, and turn them from their purpose.

It is said sentiment belongs only to the poet, or to the past. Business is business—and the juggernaut of prosperity must not be tampered with on its way to its goal!

Believe it not, O thoughtful reader, for the experience of your own soul will give the denial to the statement, and there is, and always will be a love for the good, the beautiful and true and tender—down in the depths of your being—for God himself has placed it there!

You may wrong and warp it, but it will remain—tho' "deeply buried from human eyes."

Believe not, fellow-traveler, that you are alone when you cling to a sweet memory—or cherish some treasure of the past, or indulge in some beautiful day-dream of years to come. Look into the eyes of your little child and hold to these things as to the religion of your lives.

An Easter Ice-Storm

Who will not remember that "diamond morning long ago," when our city presented a vision of frozen beauty, from its spires and domes, to the glittering stalactites clinging to each home-roof, while every shrub and tree were weighted down with its crystal burden. A slow rain had fallen the night before, freezing as it fell.

Over it all rose the sun in unusual splendor, casting a light upon the scene, so weird and brilliant, so radiant and strange, that those who witnessed it felt they had seen that "light which never before was on sea or land!"

It was as if God had designed all this loveliness on the Easter-day, to commemorate the Resurrection of His Beloved Son, and give to mortals a vision of what the surpassing beauty of the Heavenly Country may be, since He can create such unspeakable splendor, even in the leafless time of the grey old Earth.

The stillness seemed prophetic. All sorrow and care had ceased, as if God, brooding over them, had, for one day, given the Benediction of that "peace which passeth all understanding," unto His children on the Earth!

One now gone to the mysterious beyond, one whose life was a part of the history of this city, said, as he gazed with rapt face upon the glory of that Easter morning: "It is like the New Jerusalem come down!"

All day the hush and reverence in church and streets remained, but when morning dawned, the scene had vanished like a beautiful dream, as swiftly and silently as it had appeared!

Part II

I asked of God that He in love
His choicest gift would send;
In answer to my praying
He gave to me—a Friend!

To him I dedicate this later verse.

June

I would not reckon my birthdays
As the Indians do, by moons,
But say, as I speak of my earth-days,
I have lived so many Junes!

Oft I try to imagine Heaven,
But with sunshine and roses a-bloom,
I never can get any farther
Than the glorious month of June.

All things aglow with their beauty,
The blended earth and the sky,
God's Love just breathing through them—
Why should mortals ever die?

With the friends I love just near me,
Our souls in perfect attune,
I could dream that June is Heaven,
And believe that Heaven is June!

Voiceless Music

It is not the organ's pealing
That strikes the deepest thrill;—
It may be the dove's soft moaning,
Or the sound of rippling rill.
The sentient earth is teeming
With music all its own,
And rhythmic, hidden meaning
Is hushed in clouds that roam.

From leafy stems forever swaying
In myriad graceful poses—
Just hearken! And the soul will hear
Chants from the hearts of the roses!
It may not be to the outer ear,
But from the stars that glisten,
Voiceless Music you shall hear,
If you but listen—listen!

In the glow of the sunset splendor,
Which softens to twilight rays,
Or the roar of the turbulent ocean
We are listing celestial lays!
The very rocks chant pæans
With mystic singing sands—
In laughter of happy children
Are echoes from angel-bands.

There is power in human voices
To touch us in speech or in song;
But higher heights and deeper depths
Unto the Soul belong.

The spirit's understanding—
The deep look in the eyes—
Soothes like a soft refraining,
The heart that in conflict lies.

What is it that speeds through the being,
Swift as the Meteor comes,
Stirring the soul at its fountain
And leaving it tremulous—dumb?
No language finds its naming—
Too cold our Earth-terms are;
It ought to be set to Music
And sung by the Morning-star!

Mayhap the "Lost Chord" sorrowing
Its lonely way through space,
In the hearts of weeping mortals
At last has found its place.
And thus from all Creation,
Forever shall resound
Anthems of rejoicing
And melodies profound!

For we know there is something greater
Than human power to bless,
Which sings of a Great Creator
And His sheltering tenderness;
And if only out from the Silence
Some surety could be given,
The very strength of our longings
Might bear us away to Heaven!

The Church and the World

"The Church and the World walked far apart
On the shores of changing Time;
The World was singing a giddy tune
And the Church a hymn sublime."

A minstrel came, and his voice was soft
As the voice of Israfel,
Whose song is sweeter than others are
In the realms where angels dwell.

Close to his breast a lute was pressed,
And he sang so wildly well,
Both Church and World in silence paused,
Entranced beneath the spell.

It seemed as if the gold of the sun
And the silver of stars were blent
In one grand chord, as it fell from the lips
Of the minstrel God had sent!

"Come hither, World—O Church, draw near,"
Came the earnest, pleading strain—
"I would not wing me back to Heaven
With a message sung in vain."

"And who art thou?" said the mocking World,
As gaily she hurried on ;
"Joy and pleasure beckon afar,
Speak swiftly, I must be gone."

"My name is Love, and I came from above
To bring ye the peace of Heaven.
O, cast aside thy garment of pride,
And thy sins shall be forgiven."

There fell a tear, and in his voice
A mournful cadence came ;
Sweeter and sadder than Ossian's cry
That deep and yearning strain.

For he saw, as the passing breeze swept by,
And fluttered her mantle bright,
The burden borne by the restless World,
And he fain would make it light.

To the Church he sang the Divine behest—
"Drop thou thy sombre robe,
And chant no more in solemn tones
The Lamentation of Job!"

The earth is full of color and light—
God's own creation ever—
Only "wandering stars" need know the blight
"Of the blackness of darkness forever."

“Draw near to Christ in the walk of life,
Through the simple tasks of today,
For the human need which God decreed
Must be met in the human way.”

“Speak not to friend or needy soul
As though from the clouds above you;
Reach forth the hand of friendly clasp—
Speak the golden words, ‘I love you!’

“Wear not, O Church,” still the minstrel sang,
“The sackcloth of despair;
Christ bids ye don bright robes of light,
As earth and the skies are fair.

“And this the way to paths of Peace,
Which lead to God’s home-land,
If ye would win sad souls from sin, .
Ye must journey hand in hand.”

Paraphrase of a Jewel Song

"What flower shall I wear?" the maiden said,
As she bent o'er the blossoms her golden head.

"Choose me, choose me!" said the glowing Rose,
"I am the loveliest flower that grows!"

"Choose me, choose me," said the poppy fair,
Flaunting its colors, gorgeous and rare.

"Choose me, choose me!" the Lily cried,
"What flower more fitting for a bride?"

The Violets lay in their mossy bed,
Yet never a word had the Violets said.

Shyly she turned from all the rest,
As she fastened the blossoms to her breast,

And whispered low to the mossy nest,
"I choose you, dears, for *he* loves you best!"

Adown the Portland Road

It was in dear New England,
In a quaint and quiet town,
Historical and scholarly,
Websterian in renown.

Children playing by the roadside,
While imagination glowed,
Spied a chariot in the stagecoach
Passing down the Portland road!

Straight we took the red wheelbarrow,
Covered it with ferns so green,
Made a seat of flowers and mosses,
Fashioned like some pictured scene.

Big brother was the coachman,
And his playmate was the steed,
Caparisoned with bluebells
And crimson wayside weed.

Thus we started on our journey,
While my tiny brother strode,
A pompous little footman,
On that ride down Portland road!

By my side sat favored playmate;
On my head a crown of box;
In his hat a Prince's feather
Found among the hollyhocks.

Shining eyes were all our jewels;
Mother's gown, my flowing robe,
As in chariot-fashioned barrow
We marched down the Portland road.

In those days our Heaven was Boston;
Portland was our Paradise;
Happier far in childish fancy
Than in later times, more wise!

Ofttimes since in flowery pageant,
And in auto grand I've rode,
But have known no joy ecstatic,
Like that ride down Portland road!

Though our lives are ever changing,
Years are changeless in their reign;
Though our thoughts are ever ranging,
All the Junes are just the same!

Vanish days of care and sorrow;
Come back, peace, to thine abode,
When I rode in mimic grandeur
Far adown the Portland road!

False and True

Your form glides in from No-man's-land,
With your bearing high as of queenly command—
A fair seeming face, and a marble hand!

You ingeniously clothe with a garment nice
A tale most false, to deceive and entice;
That is only a demon's own device!

With sinuous grace, and commanding tone,
You boldly speak till your task is done—
You would sweep the world like a dread cyclone.

But I know a maid, with a calm, true eye,
Which can pierce you through and deign no reply,
While your mask falls off—and you vanish and die!

And Truth is the maid with the calm, clear eye,
And the vanquished fiend is a wanton Lie!

Memories of Maine

I am thinking tonight of New England ;
From Michigan to Maine
I send a rhythmic greeting,
With tears in its refrain!

I can see the mountains, grand and large,
Where the purple shadows play,
And the sunshine sweep o'er old Kearsarge
As it did on a far-off day.

And the River Saco wind and wind,
Flowing on in its silvery calm,
Its murmuring music soothing the mind
Like the sound of a low, sweet psalm.

Does the wind blow soft from the "Interval,"
And the blue-grass come with the spring,
Waking the soul to an unknown joy
Which future days may bring?

Do the pine-trees sigh in the swaying breeze,
And sing the weird, sweet tune
They sang so oft to the birchen trees,
In the rose-crowned month of June?

Are the cherry and the apple boughs
 Frighted down with their early sweets?
Does the Balm of Gilead scent the air?
 Do the Elms still shade the streets?

Does the Arbutus hide in its snowy lair,
 Pink-petaled, with leaves of green—
Playing hide-and-seek with maidens fair
 While crowning their May-day Queen,

And crisp, white moss, which creeps like a vine,
 The delicate fern with its curling fronds,
And the witching fragrance of Hemlock and Pine
 With boughs a-waving like mystic wands?

Do lilies nod on Lovewell's pond,
 Gold-centered and velvet white,
Asleep-like stars from the blue beyond,
 Dropped down to await the night;

And Jockey-Cap! Old friend of mine.
 With its winding way to the top—
Does the wintergreen grow, and the Mica shine
 As of old on its cap of rock?

Do the children play on the hillside green,
 And climb the rocky "Ridge"?
Or gather sweet-flag on the shore of the stream,
 Down under "The Weston Bridge"?

Do the willows bend above the brook
That marks the "Conway line"?
Do the speckled trout evade the hook
On the angling schoolboy's twine?

From the dark-green wood does the whippoorwill
List an answer over the way?
Does the sun set soon beyond Pine-hill,
And long does the twilight stay?

But O, sweet friend, I may not ask
Of the loved I used to know—
Who set for me the schoolgirl task—
Too many lie under the snow!

Somehow, the grandeur of the hills,
The beauty of verdure and bud,
And the strength of the rocks by the sparkling rills,
Gets into New England blood!

And I sometimes long, in some lonely need,
For the cordial grasp of a hand,
The swift warm clasp, unmixed with greed,
That is found in New England land!

A Cradle Song

Up in the attic a cradle stands,
That has pillowed many a tress;
Out from its whiteness baby hands
Have reached for a fond caress.

A little leap from the cradle-nest
Sends straight to the mother's heart
A joy, too deep for words to speak,
Too sacred for painter's art!

The mother sees not the morning hours
Have flown to the perfect noon,
For the days fly by like winged birds,
And summers pass too soon!

Such a little space for a boy to grow,
And become a mothers' pride,
Then give the fulness of his youth
To the busy world outside!

So brief a time for girls to know
A mother's brooding care,
Ere they wander away, as girls will go
To brighten a home elsewhere!

Sometimes the mother can not see
The cradle's familiar place,
For the rain of tears from the thoughts that be,
Of each absent, childish face.

One sailed afar into sunny France,
And all were charmed away
By the witching spell of love's young glance.
All-powerful in its sway.

But the tiny form, with the angel face,
Forever by her side,
Wears the sweet, brown eyes and changeless grace
Of the little one—who died.

High School Reunion

"Well, comrades, the calendar brings us all back!"
"Not all," you say, "there's a little lack"—
"Doubtless they are lagging, back there on the track!"

But then, if all say so, I'll marshal the van;
Be proud of the mission, do the best that I can;
Not one shall escape me, boy, girl, or man!

Stand up there, Peter, and Paul, and John;
Just three abreast—not another one—
The same dear old faces, brimming over with fun!

Have you all your books, and your lessons, too?
What's the matter, Ben? No time to look blue!
Here, Philip and Donald, we all want you.

Stop loitering, Will, to wait for the girls;
Jack's at it, too (No! you wouldn't for worlds),
But I saw you both teasing and pulling their curls!

There are Emma and Madge, and Mabel, and Win,
And Katie and Bertha and Lizzie and Min,
And Florence and Maude—Have I got you all in?

Fannie and Mary and Caroline—
Good, old-fashioned names to weave in a rhyme,
And Blanche, Nell, and Edith are just as fine.

Three cheers for "Old Union" and three for "Old Vine,"
And three for the scholars of every time!
It does my soul good to see this long line!

Three cheers for the teachers who have long with you
 been,
Let it come from the heart—(Well you know what I
 mean)
And the same for our girls, with "God bless you" be-
 tween!

Companionship blest, of the glad school time!
The sound of the bells! No cathedral chime
Rings down thro' mem'ry half as sweet as thine!

Two boys were lame,—they were Charley and Herb;
Just help them along with a kindly word;
They are walking "up yonder"? (I had not heard)!

Not all here yet? Where are Mamie and Ed,
And Jessie and Will, and Robert and Fred?
They seem to be with us—yet you say "They are dead."

And they all "have passed" through the low green room,
Where violets blow and forget-me-nots bloom,
To that "Higher Grade" we shall all reach soon.

No, don't call the roll! As each one departs,
We are "keeping tally" in all of our hearts—
By the years that we miss them, and the tear-drop that
starts!

Now, all bow the head, with never a moan,
Then up and be going! Through life's undertone
We must tread the Grand March, tho' we tread it alone!

And when this Reunion is over and done,
And we are seeking a blessing at set of the sun,
Let us choose little Tim's "God Bless Every One!"

The Father's Will

Shall I smile or weep, that my darling lies
Down under the drifting snow?
Shall I weep or smile, that over his form
The fair spring violets grow?

I can but weep when my empty arms
Fall listless by my side;
When I recall his youthful charms
With all a mother's pride.

And I wildly sob when the cold night winds
Through the leafless branches blow;
My desolate heart refuses then
To say, "It is better so."

In vain I seek to clasp his form,—
In vain the cold stars shine;
I can not see the Heaven beyond—
I cry for the child that was mine.

But at last a calm on my spirit falls,
As I think of him at rest,
Safe from all pain and bitter stings,
While he leans on the Saviour's breast.

And I smile when I think he need not know
The sorrow of Death and the Grave,
Nor ever suffer the cruel blow
Of friend by friend betrayed!

Nor watch resplendent dreams of life,
While he reaches with eager hands,
Fade fast away in a world of grey,
Where no one understands!

So I sometimes weep, and I sometimes smile,
That he has gone to rest,—
And at last I know that all is right,
For "Our Father" knoweth best.

Sunset and Eventide

Why talk we of Italian sunsets and of basking under Italian skies, when in our own land the crimson, purple, and gold of the clouds against the blue of the heavens can challenge the beauty of any clime?

What mortal so sordid and narrow that he can not pause to behold the glories of an Almighty hand?

What joy to put by the petty cares of day and let the soul expand and respond to the grandeur and beauty of the sunset hour!

When man gazes on sky or sea, it is then he is nearest to the heart of the Eternal.

So puny seem our human selves, we seem to hear the voice of the Creator calling, "Be still, and know that I am God!"

But how depict such beauty and such wonder?

Who, unless he might dip his pen in vermillion dyes that flood the heavens, could describe a sunset, a tempest, or a dawn!

"He must *feel* the fury of the gale,
He must watch the calm light broadening."

Then falls the twilight—and it was this hour of softened splendor, the immortal Tennyson loved. In the closing verse of his life—

"Twilight and evening bell
And one clear call for me"—

he voiced the wish that he might pass from the glory of the earthly sunset into that other eternal glory beyond.

A Legend of Kalamazoo

There is a pretty legend told, that long years ago the brave Indian chief, named "Mazoo," wooed and won the beautiful dusky "Kala" for his bride, where runs the river to which he gave her name—Kala-Mazoo!

But the brave warrior fell by the hand of a treacherous foe, and the arrow that pierced his heart pierced also the heart of the lovely "Kala" by his side. Strange orgies were held above the dead; one mound covered them both, and long were they mourned by the tribe who camped on the shores of the Kalamazoo.

Then history tells us (or is it legend still!) how a white man came with a fairer bride, encamping by the waters of the same bright river.

First a tent, then a rude hut—then began the simple life of two mortals for whom love was enough.

Love and labor filled their days with a joy for which the millionaire of our time might sigh in vain.

But wherever the sunlight is,
A shadow falls.

The young wife sickened and died, and her stricken lover-husband fashioned her last resting-place alone—and buried her on the shore of that peaceful river where the willows wept with him above her grave.

The song tells us that each day after his forest work was done he sat by the mound, which he kept fresh with

wild flowers, and crooned the words of his own little song,
the refrain of which ran ever thus:

“My love is sleeping on the shore
Of the beautiful Kalamazoo—
By the rippling, rippling waters
Of the beautiful Kalamazoo.”

Be it history or legend, the story is sweet and sad
enough to be true.

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